

14 THE
Royal Addrefs:
 OR, THE
LION'S COMPLAINT
 AGAINST
The Wild BEASTS of the Forrest.

Key
When Fish and Fowl, and Wild Beasts of the Wood,
 Thought, Alred, Spoke, and likewise Understood,
 The Bear of Rome brought forth a Whelp or Son
 That was both Heir and King of Lebanon. *Key B.*
 But O! that bloody Bitch, that's void of Fear,
 Forc'd him his Subject. Beasts in pieces tear,
 Until a Herd of Foxes, Sheep and Geese,
 With other Grumblers, of the Golden Fleece,
 Went sily, and their Grief, with Mourning Eye,
 Made known unto a Neighbouring Lyon by, *Many: Key*
 Who rescu'd them out of the Tyrant's Paws,
 Secur'd their Lives, and did restore their Laws:
 But now these Brutes, that never chew the Cud,
 (Or rather Monsters of Ingratitude)
 They prove perfidious, false, and would devour
 Him whom they're bound by Nature to Adore:
 Wherefore the Royal Lyon, in disdain,
 Against the thankless Beasts doth thus complain.

AS I lay silent, couthcing in my Den,
 Belov'd of Beasts, of Fishes, Fowls and Men,
 A Herd of Bullocks, Foxes, Wolves and Hogs,
 With Mastives, Mungrels, Curs, & other Dogs,
 Approach'd my Court, with more than mournful eyes,
 And made my Den to Echo with their Cries;
 A thing so strange, to see such beasts agree,
 Surpriz'd my watchful Lioness and me.

But, stupify'd, I slept aside, and then
 I saw them beasts, but rational like men.
 And as I stood amaz'd, with bended knee,
 One of the Drove, with Tears, Petition'd me.

Brave Prince, descended of the stem of Kings,
 Of whose great Valour every Forrest rings,
 Vouchsafe to hear our more than sad complaint,
 Which we, in strains of sorrow, do present.

We're chas'd from Lebanon, our Native Soil,
 Poor, destitute, and broke with Grief and Toil;
 Our King's turn'd Tyrant both and Cannibal,
 And, in a moment, would devour us all.
 He's got the Bear of Rome upon his back,
 And now outdoes the Inquisition-Rack.

Our selves he tears to pieces, and our Dams,
 He Heads and Hangs, and after burns in Flames.
 Our Young he keeps in Arms, at every Tree,
 To kill their Fathers, if occasion be;

And, if he takes offence at any Whelp,
 He ties him to a Rope, and makes him yelp.
 Our Lives, our Laws, our Liberties and all,
 Unless supported suddenly will fall,

For he doth roar and swear that we shall go
 To Italy, and kiss the Dragon's Toe.
 Now, all the Beasts of Lebanon declare,
 That, after him, your Lioness is Heir; *Many.*

But be, to frustrate both your Rights, hath brought
 A little Cub, which he hath sily brought
 Into his Den; and now doth swear that he
 Shall Heir the Wood, from Shrub to Cedar-Tree;
 Although he looks not like a Lion's Whelp,
 But some Curs Puppy, if you heard him yelp.
 My Dam, a Mid-Bitch of a noble kin,
 Can tell you how the Lioness lay in.

Now, mighty Prince, this is our woful Case,
 Sick at the heart, tho' chearful in the face;
 Protect us from the bloody Roman Eli,
 In saving us, you do but serve your self.

I stood amaz'd, and nothing had to say,
 Ut drave the Proud, Rebellious beasts away,

Key to my people of England.
 Not thinking that the Lion had the Face
 To cheat his own, to serve the Fox's Race.
 But still they lurked near my pleasant Den,
 And with their cries molested birds and men,
 Till I (inform'd that what they spoke was true)
 Call'd them poor Brutes, and no Rebellious Crew:
 I muster'd then my forces of the Wood,
 And swam the Sea, to do the poor beasts good,
 Intending things to tryal first to bring,
 And reconcile the Subject to his King.
 But, when I entrance in the Forrest made,
 The Lion, Lioness, and Cub, were fled,
 And, in their flight, t'accomplish their desire,
 Set all the Trees of Lebanon in fire.
 I quench'd the flames, conven'd the beasts, to see
 What was their aim, and who their King should be;
 They proffer'd me the Crown, but I deny'd
 So weighty Care, whilst all the Herd reply'd,
 Great Prince, if you refuse to be our King,
 This Forrest to Democracy we'll bring,
 We can choose whom we will for King, now, since
 Our former's turn'd an Abdicated Prince;
 And, tho' you take our proffer in disdain,
 Of Lebanon he's ne'r be King again.

Thus with their wheedling, cringing at my feet,
 I did accept the weighty, fowre, and sweet;
 But when I had this Diadem put on,
 And scarce was seated on the Royal Throne,
 The old Red Lion, with a crew of Dogs, *Jack Bitch*
 Invaded me, to kill my harmless Hogs:
 But I, in Person, went for their defence,
 And chas'd the Red, Old, Raging Lion thence.

All that I had, both Fortune, Life and Blood,
 I hazarded, to do my Subjects good;
 And, in returning home, I did redress
 Their injuries, and cur'd their grievances,
 And, ever since, have ready been to grant
 All their Requests, according to their want:

I'm striving now their Intrests to advance,
 To save them harmless from the Bear of France,
 That Beast of Prey, the Apostate of Rome,
 The Scourge of Europe, Curse of Christendom.
 I'm not profuse, to keep the Forrest poor,
 I keep no Cracks, no Wanton Bitch nor Whore;

I lead the Lame, I help the beasts that Halt,
 I cover Crimes, and pardon every fault;
 And ever since I to their Forrest came,
 I have still seem'd more Lion, than a Lamb.

And yet, altho' they have their whole desire,
 Ungrateful beasts! against me do conspire.
 The Leopard, and Panther, first were they,
 Who with their sugared Words for aid did pray,

Now they're the first that strive me to betray.
 They make my Star of Vertue seem a Comet,
 And, Dog-like, would drink up their own Vomit.

Now let all beasts, that in the Forrest be,
 Be Judge betwix my cruel bruits and me.

But hear, proud beasts; now, since my paw is in,
 And Alls of Grace your favour cannot win,
 I'll imp my Rage with Furies, like your selves,
 And be reveng'd on all deceitful Elves.

With Steel and Rope, I'll pay you what is due,
 And that's the way to teach you to be true.
 A Lion's Noble, but provok'd to Rage,
 Hath no respect to Person nor to Age.

Be wise in time then, turn your Coats once more,
 And run no further upon Justice score.

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